

Iron County Register

BY ELI D. AKE.
IRONTON, MISSOURI.

The Captain's Money.

A Tale of Buried Treasure, Cuban Revolt and Adventure Upon the Seas.

IN FOUR PARTS.

BY JAMES FRANKLIN FITTS.

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PART I.—CHAPTER III.—CONTINUED.

After this explosion, the two walked on in silence. At the quay a disagreeable surprise awaited them. A strong guard of soldiers was posted, wherever a boat could approach or leave it, and all communication with the vessels anchored out in the harbor was absolutely cut off. Several boats had approached as near the landings as they were permitted; among them Captain Willis recognized one from his own vessel.

"How long is this to last, I'd like to know?" the indignant Captain inquired of the officer of the guard, and received in reply the laconic answer which all Spaniards in authority delight to make to questioners, and which signifies in English: "Who knows?"

"I guess it will last all night, easy enough," Louis remarked. Captain Willis silently assented; and the two turned back to the city to secure a lodging.

PART I.—CHAPTER IV.

THE BARK AND HER CAPTAIN.

The good bark "Nellie Willis" had been for some years voyaging between Boston and Havana. Her ordinary cargo for the low latitudes was salted fish, and her return cargo was rum, molasses or tobacco; sometimes all three. Her master was also her owner, and bluff Captain Willis had been so long in the coastwise trade, had for so many years sailed his own vessels and purchased and disposed of his freights, and had such a rare combination of business shrewdness and good seamanship, that those who knew him thought that he must have much wealth laid up. But the fact was that nobody knew the Captain very well; and as he was accustomed to keep his own counsel, all that was said about his possessions was based on guesses, and not on knowledge.

The experience of Captain Willis covered many years and embraced many voyages; but something quite uncommon had occurred upon the present trip. When he cast anchor in Havana harbor, more than two weeks before, he found himself almost without a crew. A storm off Hatteras, unusual at this season of the year, had severely tried his staunch vessel; and though she rode it out in safety, it was with the loss of three able seamen who fell overboard in the gale.

Before the coast of Cuba was sighted five more men were taken down almost in a day with a malignant fever. One died in a few hours, the other four were sent to the hospital as soon as the anchor was dropped in the harbor. Short-handed as he was left, it had been with the greatest difficulty that Captain Willis had been able to work his ship in, and now came the crowning calamity of the voyage. Sailors are proverbially superstitious, and the occurrences of this passage had made a deep impression upon the remainder of the crew of the "Nellie Willis."

The Captain observed whisperings and consultations among them, and though they worked faithfully taking in the return cargo, he could see that there was trouble brewing. Two days before September 1, when the freight of tobacco and molasses came aft, and one of them, cap in hand, addressed him. The spokesman said that he and his mates had made up their minds that the "Nellie" had become an unlucky ship, and that they dared not return to Boston in her. They had worked the ship faithfully on the voyage down, and they asked to be paid off for the half-voyage, and discharged.

Captain Willis was the very last man afloat who would tolerate any conduct of this kind from his sailors. He sternly ordered them back to their duty, telling them that they had shipped for the whole voyage, and the whole voyage they must make. He added in a significant way that such men could not be trusted with shore leave, and that they must stay on board till the anchor was up again.

The Captain flattered himself that he had settled the matter by his firm words and decided way; but he did not know the spirit of these men. They had determined that they would never return to Boston on the "Nellie." That night the whole five tried to swim ashore. Two were carried out to sea by the swift current and drowned; the mangled body of another was found floating the next morning, almost bitten in two by a shark; and the other two were not heard of again, it was never known whether they reached the quay safely, or whether they succumbed to some of the many perils of this harbor.

Captain Willis now found himself reduced to his mate, Ben Hardy, the cook, and a single seaman, beside his nephew, who knew nothing about working the ship. In no pleasant frame of mind, he went ashore and offered a large premium to a shipping agent to procure him a crew immediately. The agent promised to do his best, and went to work. The same evening he visited the Captain on board his vessel.

"It's no use, sir," he said. "I've found a dozen able seamen in Havana who want to ship; but one and all flatly refuse to sail with you."

"What do the rascals mean?" the Captain demanded.

"Why, the truth is, sir, the story about your bark being unlucky has been spread all over, and they won't go in her."

"The idiots!" shouted Captain Willis, stamping about his cabin. "I've sailed

this bark for more than a dozen years, and nothing has gone amiss until this voyage. Never lost a man overboard; never had more than a day's sickness before."

"Well, sir, you know what sailors are better than I do. Those fellows deserting, and at least three of 'em getting wound up at it, has fixed the thing, so there's no use in my talking about it. I'll try and get you a picked-up lot, of all sorts; but better than that I can't do."

The Captain raged and stormed at the idea of his going back to Boston with a crew of "fore-the-masters"; but he had to yield to the inevitable, and the agent went ashore with instructions to do the best he could.

All the next day the agent was bringing out to the bark by ones and twos the newly-shipped crew, until eleven had been secured. The Captain examined each man, and his temper was by no means improved when he found that there was not one able seaman among the lot. There were four negroes, powerful, muscular fellows, who had been working as stevedores, and who had made up their minds that they would like a sea-voyage. They carried clasp-knives in their waistbands, and were not a very pleasant lot to look at. Four more were depraved-looking Creoles, the very dregs of the Spanish population, with faces as villainous-looking as faces as were ever seen about ship. Two more were vagrant stowaways, who had come from Liverpool on a merchant vessel, getting the rope's-end



"START!" THUNDERED THE CAPTAIN.

liberally on the passage, and after spending a month at Havana in the calaboose, upon being released they went straight to the shipping-office, not knowing where else to go. The element was a mutiny, almost a giant in size, with a sullen, ugly look about the eyes. His account of himself was that he was a free man, had worked on tobacco-lands back of Cardenas, and had come to Havana to engage in something different; he didn't much care what.

This man the Captain eyed very closely.

"There's something about your motions, my man," he said, "that makes me think that you know more of the sea than you want to tell. Walk across the deck."

The mulatto hesitated.

"Start!" thundered the Captain.

The man walked to the other side, and returned.

"That walk can't be disguised. You're an old sailor; what your reason is for concealing it, I don't know; nor care; only don't try to play up queer with me. Go forward." The mulatto sullenly obeyed.

Upon the morning of the 1st of September the Captain went ashore with his nephew, leaving faithful Ben Hardy, the mate, in charge of the vessel and the unpromising crew. His chief errand was to see the agent; but the agent was able to tell him nothing encouraging about the prospect of obtaining any good men. He had ordered the mate to keep close watch on the new men, and to shoot without hesitation any of them whom he found trying to desert; and also to keep Dick Purvis, the only remaining seaman of the old crew, at the landing all day, for the use of the agent, should he secure any more men. We have seen that the boat was waiting off the pier when the Captain and Louis came down that afternoon from the Paseo, but that the vigilance of the military authorities in the search for the escaped prisoner prevented them from returning to the bark at that time. The two walked up to the city, called at the agents and learned that he had no further success, and then repaired to an American lodging house which was well known to both of them.

Louis Hunter had made the acquaintance of some boon companions among the Cuban youth while the bark had been in the harbor, and he now proposed to "make a night of it." Captain Willis, fatigued with the excitement of the day, and much disturbed by the recent occurrences upon and about his vessel, went to bed soon after supper. Shortly after dark Louis sallied forth to look up his friends. He had not reached the next street when he was stopped by the patrol and examined. That he was an American subjected him to instant suspicion, and he was therefore taken to the guard-house for further examination. Here he was confined in a dark and ill-ventilated room for three hours with a lot of "suspects" who had fallen into the clutches of the patrol. One at a time they were taken out and interrogated by an officer. It was near eleven o'clock when Louis' turn came. After a close questioning the officer was apparently satisfied that the young man was not a filibuster, and discharged him, with a warning to go back to his lodgings and not be seen in the streets again that night. In not the best of tempers at the loss of his night's carouse, he obeyed. Upon inquiring of his uncle, he found that he, too, had had more experience with the Cuban authorities. The house had been visited by an armed party, and thoroughly searched. Captain Willis had been examined, his papers again scrutinized, and the official appearing suspicious of all American ship-captains, because, as he wisely observed, "they might have brought some filibusters into port," had compelled him to dress himself and ac-

company him to the American Consul to be identified. This irritating procedure had been gone through with, and Louis found his uncle walking home, literally cursing all Spaniards and Cubans, and raging like a caged lion.

"So you're back, are you?" he said, in a rather milder tone, as Louis entered. "I was thinking those high-waymen had got you."

"They did, and only just let me go," said the other, sulkily.

"Well, I'll be cursed! But never mind; we'll get to sea to-morrow, in some shape, crew or no crew; and if the 'Nellie' ever comes down this way again, it will be when a few Americans and Cuban patriots haven't half scared the whole Spanish nation out of their wits."

Had Louis Hunter possessed a frank, sympathizing nature he would have embraced this opportunity to remove all misunderstandings with his uncle. The old sea-dog was now in that frame of mind that made him wish to talk with some one, and with Louis especially, about the stirring events of the day, the inconveniences and annoyances suffered from the Cuban authorities, and the dubious prospects of their return voyage of the bark, with her picked-up crew. But Louis had neither generosity of heart nor nobility of nature.

He was cold, selfish and sinister; he had no real affection for the man who had faithfully tried, in his own rough, hearty way, to benefit him; and it may be—I do not know—that some dark schemes of self-aggrandizement, prompted by late events, had already entered the young man's brain. However that may be, it is certain that he repelled all the Captain's friendly advances, went to bed, and was presently asleep. Captain Willis also soon retired; but this rude disturbance of his slumbers had made him wakeful, and it was not until the clock struck two that sleep visited his eyes. Then his rest was uneasy, and troubled by dreams in which were mingled in one grand confusion Cuban galleons, escaping filibusters, sick sailors, storms, calms and helpless vessels drifting without crews. Nor did his slumbers become calm and peaceful till another vision had soothed them—a dream of a quiet home in far-away New England, and faces there that were very dear to the old sea-dog's heart.

PART I.—CHAPTER V.

ON THE DECK.

The master of the "Nellie" awoke the next morning in a state of uneasiness; he should be kept away from his vessel for another day. Louis wanted to remain in the city some hours longer; but the Captain declared that he should get back to the bark just as soon as he was allowed, and would then weigh anchor at once. After an early breakfast Louis sullenly followed him down to the quay. Many small boats were waiting here under the surveillance of the guard, the "Nellie's" among them. The hour was not yet nine, but quite a crowd of sailors had gathered, anxious to return to their vessels. The officer of the guard closely examined all of them, permitted the greater number to enter their boats, and detained a few for further examination. Captain Willis and Louis easily passed, and were about to step into the boat which Dick Purvis pulled up to the steps, when the shipping-agent hastened up, followed by a man in a worn suit of sailor's clothes.

"I've got another man for you, Captain," he said. "He claims to be an able seaman; but, unluckily, he can't speak a word of English. But I thought, considering everything, you'd like to take him. He talks Spanish fast enough, anyway."

This last acquisition of the agent was a man of apparently fifty years of age. His bristly hair was grizzled, his shoulders were slightly stooped, and his forehead and cheeks were wrinkled. His face had the decided hue of the Spaniard. A great patch almost concealing his left eye gave rather an unpleasant aspect to his face. He was not heavily built; his motions were alert, and he seemed strong.

"Will you take him, sir?" asked the agent.

The Captain looked at this new sailor with no great enthusiasm in his face.

"Mr. Simmons," he said, "you've already brought me eleven of the worst looking fellows that ever stood on a deck; and now here's a fellow of the same sort. Suppose he is a seaman—I can't swear in Spanish. But I suppose, we might as well have a round dozen of 'em. Put him in the boat."

Before this could be done the man had to be examined by the officer. He answered all the questions asked him in good Spanish, which the Captain caused Louis to interpret to him. He



"ANOTHER OF THE SAME SORT."

said his name was Jose Gardez; that he was fifty-five years old, and was born at Bahia Honda, of Spanish parents. He was bred a sailor, and had always followed the sea. He had lately been on the merchant ship "El Campeador" between Cadiz and Havana; but he had been sick, and his ship had sailed a week before without him. He did not want to be idle, and this was the first chance he had got.

This account was perfectly satisfactory to the officer; he nodded permission; and in a few moments the stout arms of Dick Purvis were propelling the party across the harbor.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

STUDYING A BABY.

Interesting Experiments Made by a Noted European Scientist.

A European man of science, Prof. Preyer, has published a work in which he has recorded the results of his work in a new branch of research. He has devoted himself to studying the growth of intelligence and observation in his own child, beginning with the day of its birth, and observing its development rather than with the eyes of a scientist than with those of a parent. He has noted the precise moment in which it first seemed to see things, and the circumstances under which it appeared to begin its thinking—the intelligent putting of one thing with another.

"I took my baby," said the professor in his book, "to the window, five minutes after he was born, and just as the sun was rising. His perception of the light did not seem at all keen. He opened and closed his eyes alternately, the lids parting about an eighth of an inch. Somewhat later, the light having become much brighter, the baby opened his eyes quite wide, and I opening them wrinkled his forehead."

During the earliest days of its life, an infant, Prof. Preyer ascertained, rarely keeps its eyes open. Even when awake, it is quite as likely to keep its eyes closed as open; and when it opens them, it is never by one and the same movement, at first. One lids lifts, and then the other, and sometimes the two are held open at an unequal width. This state of things usually lasts until the eleventh day. Prof. Preyer observed his baby's first wink. For fifteen days he shook his hand each day before the child's open eyes, as he lay on his pillow, without causing him, seemingly, any fear or astonishment. On the sixteenth day after his birth, however, the baby winked quickly when the same movement was made, opening the eyes again together, and quickly.

At the end of the seventh month, the professor found the boy quite capable of feeling and expressing astonishment at an act which he did not understand. But as early as the twenty-third day of his life the baby "noticed," as the nurses put it; that is to say, discovered that there was such a thing as movement in the world about him. This discovery Prof. Preyer reached by experimenting with him from day to day with moving candles. The child, at last, on the day mentioned, followed the movement of the candles, up or down or right or left, by moving his head. The child wore, at the same time, an expression of intelligence as if he had made a discovery. It was only on the hundredth day that the baby followed exactly, and with an instant movement as precise as a machine's, the swinging of a large pendulum, and only in the twenty-ninth month of his life that he followed, with quickness and certainty, the flight of a swallow.

Prof. Preyer's experiments with the child's perception of color were extremely interesting, but too long to be repeated here; but we may say that the result of them was to convince him that the eye is especially affected by the color red, and that at first we have but two color impressions—first, of that which is red, and second, of that which is not red.

Mr. Preyer declares that it is a great mistake to suppose that a baby is able to smile soon after its birth. It was his twenty-sixth day that his own baby first smiled; and the double joy of the father, which was both parental and scientific, was unquestionably very great. It is easy to believe that at the moment the man of science was lost in the father. These experiments may seem trifling, but they are not so to those who seek accurate knowledge; and Mr. Preyer certainly could not have chosen a more delightful subject for scientific research.—*Youth's Companion.*

GIVING AND TAKING.

Some Pertinent Remarks on a Subject of Great Importance.

In many a case, it is doing more for a person to receive a gift, or a service from him, than to give a gift or to render a service to him. Just because it is more blessed to give than to receive, we have no right to be always taking that blessing to ourselves; but we should permit others to gain their share of it. A child is helped by being privileged to give a gift to his parents, or to render a service to some one whom he loves and honors. A scholar is worth more in a class, through contributing to the stock of its common knowledge; and the class is worth more to him in consequence. Mind and character are developed through their exercises, and are gained through their outlay; hence, in every sphere of life there is an attainment which is possible only through self-denial and self-expenditure. Our duty toward others involves a looking at their needs in more directions than one; and in order to the meeting of their need of this aid to their highest development of mind and character, we must often permit them to be givers and doers, when we should really find more personal enjoyment in conferring favors than in receiving them.—*S. S. Times.*

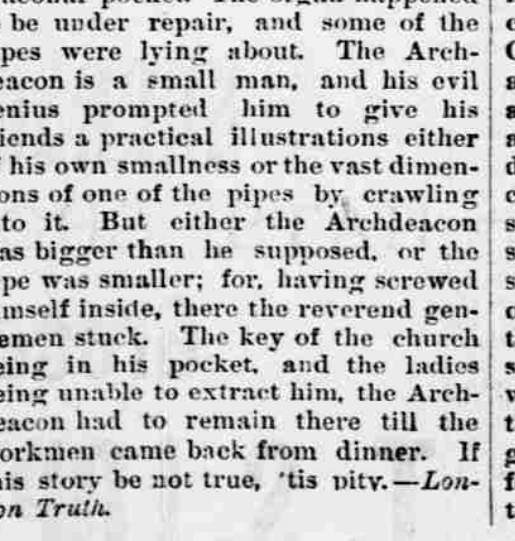
REPORTORIAL STYLES.

How John Smith's Demise Was Recorded in the Papers of His Native Town.

A Plain, Unvarnished Tale. John Smith fell down last night and broke his neck.

The Florid Style. Our esteemed townsman, Mr. John Smith, who has gone in and out among us for many years, and whose form and features were as well known in our streets as the familiar horse-cars which wind through the city, has finally succumbed to the inevitable fate which hangs over us all; the grim monster in Mr. Smith's case coming in the form of a sudden precipitation to the sidewalk. The fall resulted in the severance of his tracheal vertebra, and death instantly intervening, the spirit of our esteemed fellow-citizen soared toward that realm where sidewalkers present none of those pitfalls and inequalities which beset the unwary upon this mundane sphere.

The Enterprising Form. At twenty-three minutes past nine o'clock last night a sad and distressing casualty occurred at the corner of Dock square and Canton street, by which the city loses an estimable citizen, a wife a fond and affectionate husband, and a large and interesting family a kind and indulgent father. Mr. John Smith, the celebrated cobbler of No. 7845 Short street, while walking along Canton street, met with an inequality of the sidewalk, just as he reached the corner of Dock square, and striking thereon the big toe of his left foot, he fell a stark and senseless corpse, his body when discovered by a *Blower* representative at an angle of thirty-five degrees with the line of the curb. The following diagram will help the reader to understand the conditions of the ac-



FOREIGN GOSSIP.

—For the last hundred years the mayors of the little town of Calcutta, Germany, have all belonged to the same family.

—Chinese capitalists are said to be taking away the business of the foreign banks at Foo-chow by lending money at extraordinarily low rates of interest.

—A site of fifty acres has been taken for the Gordon Memorial Boys' Home in London. A building will be put up to accommodate 160 boys, and the cost of maintaining the establishment will be \$20,000 a year.

—Mr. Elwin Chadwick, president of the British Association of Sanitary Engineers, recently stated that sanitary measures applied to the army in India had reduced the death-rate in the military forces there from sixty-nine per thousand to thirteen per thousand.

—An old lady who died lately in Vienna bequeathed her property, valued at 30,000 francs, to her nineteen-year-old niece, on condition that the latter would never wear clothes of any other cut than those worn by her aunt. The condition was accepted.—*Detroit Free Press.*

—Roman carts without springs and the Cincinnati plow are still used in the Spanish district of Corunna. Meat is rarely used by the peasant proprietors except on great festive occasions, and the common beverage is water, tea and coffee being considered luxuries for the rich.

The plea that you have no small coin about you is not a valid excuse with Mexican beggars, says a correspondent, for upon such a hint any one of the half-naked rascals will dive under his dirty blanket, and, eructing a well-filled bag of silver, courteously offer to "make change" for you.

—The population in England and Wales was enumerated on April 4, 1881, at 25,974,439, and on the hypothesis that the rate of increase or decrease that prevailed between the census of 1871 and that of 1881 was maintained, the population in the middle of 1886 was estimated to be 27,870,586. This means an increase of about 7.3 per cent. in the five years.

—Extremely handsome apples and pears of many choice varieties are now imported to England from Australia. In color, shape and size most of them surpass the same English sorts. In flavor, however, with a few exceptions, they are pronounced inferior to native fruit and to apples and pears from this country. American fruit has the advantage of a much shorter sea journey to Europe—only three thousand miles as against fourteen thousand from Australia.—*N. Y. Ledger.*

—Mr. Coster, now at the head of the diamond-cutting industry of Amsterdam, estimates that 2,000,000 carats of diamonds are now cut yearly in that city. In 1880 the amount was but 15,000 carats. Another authority says there are in Amsterdam 8,000 skilled splitters, cutters and polishers, we have been working 20,000 carats a week for the last five years, or an average of 1,040 carats per annum; the last year's output being 1,500,000 carats.—*Drake's Travelers' Magazine.*

—In view of forthcoming trouble, all the Paris Rothschilds have had packing-cases made lined with red morocco leather, each numbered and labeled, and shaped to receive not only their pictures and objects of art, but also their precious eighteenth century furniture. These cases, numbering many hundreds, are stored in the Rothschild houses in convenient places, so that at a moment's notice the objects may be packed, each in its box, and conveyed to some place of security.

—Three vessels-of-war have just been added to the English navy: the steel armor-plated turret-ship *Sanspareil*, the torpedo cruiser *Raconon*, and the composite sloop *Buzzard*. The *Sanspareil* is the biggest iron-clad ever launched in England. She is to carry two one hundred and ten ton guns, besides a powerful subsidiary armament, and will be capable of a speed of seventeen knots. The estimated cost of the vessel is eight hundred and twenty-five thousand pounds sterling, but by the time she is finally put into commission the dockyard authorities will almost certainly, with all their multitudinous alterations and improvements, have brought her cost up to a full million sterling.—*Public Opinion.*

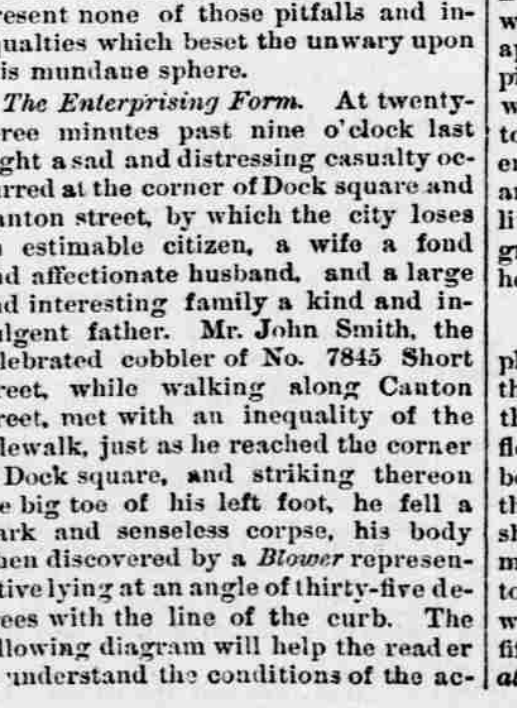
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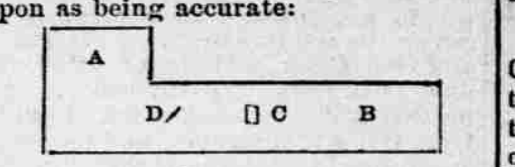
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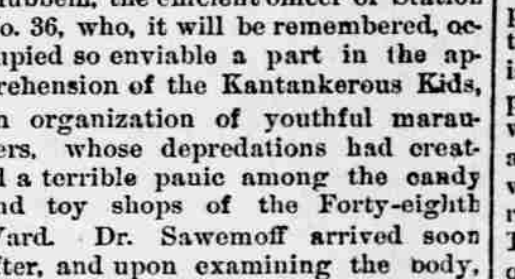


cident. It was drawn on the spot by the *Blower's* artist and may be relied upon as being accurate:



A, Dock square; B, Canton street; C, the inequality; D, the body.

The *Blower* representative placed a brick, which he was so fortunate as to find near by, under the head of the deceased, and then departed in search of the police and for medical attendance. When he returned he found the body guarded by Patrolman Michael McClubben, the efficient officer of Station No. 36, who, it will be remembered, occupied so enviable a part in the apprehension of the Kantankous Kids, an organization of youthful marauders, whose depredations had created a terrible panic among the candy and toy shops of the Forty-eighth Ward. Dr. Sawmoff arrived soon after, and upon examining the body, pronounced that the neck was broken. Mr. Smith was conveyed to his once happy home, but now the abode of despair. The lamentations of Mrs. Smith and the group of orphaned children were heartrending, and the *Blower* reporter, accustomed as he is to scenes of woe, was forced to retire behind the shelter of a friendly rain-water hog-head, and relieve his overcharged feelings in sympathetic tears. When he had recovered himself the *Blower* reporter emerged from his retirement to find that all that was mortal of Mr. Smith had been removed within doors and round the body was circled the afflicted family. The following diagram shows the position of the several persons present.



G, F, the body; B, Mrs. Smith; C, Patrolman McClubben; D, Dr. Sawmoff; E, the *Blower* reporter; F, Mollie Smith, a red nose; G, Kate Smith, aged six; H, Tommy Smith, aged three and a half.

When the reporter left the premises Undertaker Diggey Down had arrived and was preparing the body for its last resting place. The interment will take place at Golgotha Cemetery, Clavelle path, third grave from Scapula avenue, on Monday next at two p. m. Rev. Mr. Abraham Glummert, of the Seventh Methodist Episcopal Church, on Zion avenue, will officiate at the funeral, assisted by a double quartet connected with the same parish. A large number of floral decorations are expected, and the *Blower* readers will promptly be informed as to their character, together with the names of the donors. Mr. Smith was forty-six years of age, and his widow, nee Proggins, is two years his junior. The ages of the several children have already been given. It is worthy of remark that had the accident occurred three or four feet nearer Dock square, Mr. Smith must inevitably have fallen upon a little boy and a dog who were playing together in the gutter, and no doubt have launched them both into eternity.

The Didactic Form. Last night, shortly after the clocks of the city had struck nine, John Smith was summoned to his Maker through the instrumentality of an imperfect sidewalk. This sad event should teach our municipal fathers to mend the ways of the city ere others meet the fate of our departed fellow-townsmen, and each and all of us to mend our individual ways ere we fall to rise no more in the flesh.

The Learned Writer. An honest wight, John Smith by name, while threading his way in the vicinage of Dock square last night, suddenly collided against a protuberance in the tessellated walk, and was instantly propelled prone upon the pavement with a mortal hurt. Death came suddenly, like Bozarris the brave upon the unsuspecting Moslems, or rather like the swift vengeance which the swift presumption of the Abahobegars at the siege of Blimbarnjokow, and John Smith lay as did the slain that sprinkled the field of Waterloo, where the proud Cambronne defied death. The protuberance which laid John Smith low was irregular in appearance, resembling somewhat the particles which strewed the plain around Troy after the fall of that famed stronghold. Mr. Smith was but a simple cordwainer, but he was as greatly beloved by his narrow sphere, as was the knightly Arthur by the dashing cavaliers and ladies fair who followed the fortunes of the wielder of Excalibur and the seeker of the Holy Grail.—*Doston Transcript.*

A Musical Prodigy.

Valley City, Dak., claims the greatest prodigy in music in the Northwest. It is Blanche Rumer, the four-year-old daughter of E. T. Rumer. She plays on the organ or piano strictly by note, and reads the notes with surprising rapidity and accuracy, and always counts her own time when playing. Her knowledge and observance in the playing of rests, dots, accidentals, and in fact all the characters used in music is unsurpassed by any player. Her first appearance upon the stage occurred recently in the opera-house before the largest crowd ever gathered in the city, which audience she entertained by a solo on the piano. Blanche's appearance upon the stage was greeted with loud and extended applause, when she was lifted to the piano stool and deliberately executed, without a single mistake or hesitation, to the astonishment of everybody present, a charming solo, then retired amid the cheers of the audience to a little rocking chair with the dignity, grace and composure that would do honor to Patti.—*Chicago Herald.*

—Our Mexican neighbors recently played a neat little game in evading the payment of duty on wool, which at the same time was perfectly legal. A flock of sheep was driven across the border, and duty was assessed upon them as live-stock. They were then sheared and the wool placed upon the market without having been subjected to duty. By this means the thrifty wool-growers effected a saving of about fifty per cent. in the duty.—*Christian at Work.*

NEW GUINEA MARRIAGES.

Peculiar Ceremonies Characterized by Unusual Reserve and Modesty.

M. Reclus says the islanders of New Guinea are married, not according to their own inclinations, but those of their parents. They are most frequently affianced at a very tender age, but are afterwards forbidden to associate with each other; indeed, this is carried so far that the girl may not even look at her future husband. Both must avoid all contact with the members, masculine and feminine, of the family into which they are about to enter. Their wedding ceremonies are characterized by a reserve and a modesty very remarkable in a savage people of the tropics. Adorned with the most beautiful ornaments, the bride is conducted at night in a torchlight procession through the village. One woman carries her on her back, while another binds her arms as though she were a captive, and leads her by the rope to the house of her betrothed. This is a symbol of slavery, a souvenir of the ancient servitude which the aristocratic class has preserved. There is nothing of this in the processions of the poor. On reaching their destination, the bridegroom is presented to the bride's relatives, who lead him into her chamber. She awaits him with her back turned, indicating that she does not dare to meet his conquering gaze. The young man approaches till within two feet of her, turns on his heel, and then they are back to back, in the midst of a numerous assembly, the men on one side, the women on the other. After the entertainment is over, the bride is led into her own room, still not daring to meet the terrible glance of her husband, and keeping her back turned to the door; seeing this, the husband also turns his back on her. The whole night is spent in this manner; they sit there motionless, having some one to brush away the flies, and without speaking a word. If they grow sleepy some one of the assistants, who takes turns in doing this service, nudges him with his elbow. If they keep wide awake they are assured of a long life and green old age. In the morning they separate, still without looking at each other, in order to refresh themselves after the fatigues of the previous night. This performance is continued for four nights, and on the fifth morning, with the first rays of the sun, the young people may look each other full in the face. That suffices; the marriage is considered accomplished, and the newly wedded pair receive the customary congratulations.—*All the Year Round.*

THE FRANKISH KINGDOM.

The Power Wielded by the Kings of Jerusalem for Nearly a Century.

Those who are accustomed to think of the history of the Crusades as merely that of a succession of marvelous fanatic raids will have their ideas modified when they hear of this civil constitution of the Frankish Kingdom. For nearly a century the kings of Jerusalem held power over a district of about 15,000 square miles. For more than 150 years the Syrians were ruled by a Latin race, and there is, our author remarks, every reason to believe that they were content to be so governed; "truly, in the present century," he writes, "Syria might still be ruled well by a system founded on that of the Assizes of Jerusalem."

Various were the races ruled by these Christian kings—Normans, Provençals, Italians, Germans, English, and a few English and Spaniards at one time Norsemen and Danes, among Europeans; among the native races, Christian and Moslem, were Greeks, Armenians, Georgians, Syrians, Moslem, Fellahin and Arabs, and apparently Persians among the Druzes and Assassins. As the natural result of the communion of the East and West, the *lingua franca* contained a mixture of Arabic and Italian and other tongues of the Latin races. The language of literature and the church was Latin. European married native women; thus arose the race called Poulains by the chroniclers. Baldwin I. and Baldwin II. married Armenian Princesses, but this did not result in placing a half-bred King on the throne. "The alliances of the noble families with Armenians were very numerous, and the rosy cheeks and dark eyes of the women of this race seem to have been more admired than the dusky beauties of Syrians, even when of Christian belief."—*Edinburgh Review.*

ABOUT THE ZITHER.

A Charming Instrument Which is Growing in Popular Favor.

The zither (pronounced zilt-ter) is an instrument which has of late been engrossing the attention of quite a number of people, and bids fair to become popular in fashionable circles. In European cities it has attained unusual prominence, and won well-merited distinction, which in this country, for lack of good teachers, it has failed to receive proper attention. Its name is derived from the Greek (*Kitaria*), the precise shape of which is not known, but it is supposed to have resembled the lyre in construction. It has been wonderfully improved within the last half century, and to-day is as complete as any instrument of its kind known to the world. Its qualities are clear, having a degree of refinement and delicacy possessed by no other instrument except the human voice or the viola. It, like other musical instruments of the higher order, has its technicalities, being capable of portraying a variety of emotion and expression if manipulated by a first-class performer.